# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1783.


## Original Poetry.

### FIRESIDE ANGELS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY LAURA A. BOZER.

The fireside is a holy place,
A consecrated shrine,
Where daily meet such angels here—
We smile and know them not!
It may be that a mother's form
Is here in people's guise,
An angel's soul may look on us
From out a mother's eyes.

It may not see the shining form,
Or hear the rustling wing,
Our angels may not wing the range
That other angels may;
And we may daily kneel with them,
And hear their sacred vows,
And never dream that we have kneeled
With angels at the Throne.

It may be that our watching eyes
Have seen cousin, sister, friend,
It may be that the low-spoken word
Upon our manual place
We have spoke in love, sweet voice,
We had for ministers meet,
And know'st not that we have talked
With angels unawares!

Footnote—Guests, at least are to be impressed from the immediate vicinity of the Catawba grape vine, and under the direction of Mr. Isa sale is made, a few days since, at a great extent, by holders of Permanent Stock, ing them, to all intents and purposes, the profits of a much more valuable than the gold mine. There are deposits of iron in some places in the

# Our Correspondents

"Rosina," Paris, to the Post: [illegible] Exhibition [illegible] Paris [illegible] Exhibition [illegible] Paris [illegible] Exhibition [illegible] Paris

SATURDAY

# VENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

## General News.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

The Baltic we have Liverpool dates to the 5th inst. Editorial dispatches are to the 4th inst. The 5th inst. The 5th inst. The 5

## Selected Poetry.

### LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. THOMPSON STARNS, OF ASHFIELD, MASS.

Sweet spirit, though the body cannot rest
With those who sleep in Jesus' breast,
Still shall thy memory be dear
To those who linger with us here.

We shall not cease to think of thee,
Though thou hast left our company;
Nor forget your home, or her place long vacant
Around the fireside, and at the table board.

Yet, in our midst an angel hath come down,
Touching the waters of a peaceful home;
And death hath taken, of a household band,
A sister's love whose gaze no more may come.

A dove hath stopped from an ivory throne,
Alike for me! who may not come to it
Save those whose spiritual vision, given by grace,
Of all we long for is that heavenly home.

Calmly's the cheek now, lovely as in life,
Of loving, thoughtful mother of gentleness,
Each gentle virtues of our loving and beloved,
Pleading in him who gives the crown of glory.

Calm, like a bank of shepherd's bosom heaven,
Where soul reminded not on clouds to rest,
But looked to habitations of the heart-dear!
That cannot awake that trustee in still and true.

To, who remember the long loving years,
The patient love, and heart's unselfishness,
The self-sacrificing wisdom, the calm trust,
Request for her, the crown at last is won!

Perfect and mother now united stood,
Wearing the joy to what the household chain—
Put still to-day, the household chain—
And blessed the joy on the Heavenly place.

By every child remembered, and many more
Each cross accepted, and each sorrow borne,
Each, and remembered, and each kindness done,
To mind the path her partner that have won.

Rest, rest, the world grieves robed and sister dear
With the bright bright, washed from sin and
Oh, gentle sister! how lonely in thy stead,
With those dear dears, now on earth no more.

The veil between this world and that we name
Is thin to faith, and memory, and love;
Twenty are near their rooms, are more than
Looking on in its peace and love.

Oh! Then, in whom my saints above, below,
Are met and reinforced, grant us grace
To persevere to the end in love,
To practice we our mercy shortcoming more.

And while on earth, we trust the servant's love,
And while with those, now taken
Reunite it our tends the joyful residence
We are already Kingdom and Priests to God.

— H. B. S. in Independent.

## Selected Articles.

### THE SCHOOLS OF GENEVA.

The following account, for which we are indebted to the N. Y. Tribune, is from the pen of an American correspondent, Mr. Henry Ewing, who went to place his boys at school at Geneva, Switzerland. It will be noticed that they have some good things in Europe as well as schools and good manners—which we Americans greatly need:

"The price of tuition per annum at each of the little short of $850, including washing and all necessaries. Every branch of study is rigorously prosecuted in these establishments under accomplished masters, while the physical education of the pupils is made a matter of serious and systematic obligation. For example, at Mr. Rendu's school, where I have left my own boy, the pupils have a play-ground as large very nearly as Washington Square, and all sorts of gymnastic apparatus, wherein alleys, &c., and here they play to their hearts' content, and report from but is invariably the case with teachers, who lay aside the pedagogue and convert themselves into boys for the time with a good will which must be surprising to any one who did not know how much of timber and stubble there is still surviving in these Protestant constitutions. This imperishable juvenile, by the way, rushes out of school with the same wild haste whether one really or how fresh, and jolly, how upset it keeps them ever through the winter. Of old age, on the other hand, it may invite a sincere sentimental anglish to join with them. Master—every one—and kindly, for instance, is a grandmother, and has years, I am informed, great sorrows and reverses. A handsome old woman, accomplished, need not exist, and yet life seems still so young and vernal with her that she sometimes comes in connect with the children than you had her arms instinctively encircling them, and their swinging her, and all in—and if ever I fall frolic immediately blossoming forth as a fourteen blossom after rain.

"But let us return to our lambs. The sport of the pupils is not only amply fostered and directed, their health is also materially promoted by the general discipline of the school. They go four, every fair day to the Rhone to bathe, of course under watchful care; they go twice a week to a swimming school upon the lake for particular swimming. They breathe about the delicious neighborhood, in short excursions with their teachers; they make long pedestrian tours in the summer vacation across the Alps; they sometimes visit Italy, sometimes some other city; they breathe the fine mornes of the Jura; they ride on mules and donkeys; they plant the wild strawberries; they drink at the sparkling mountain rills; they in the broad and honey of the mountaineers as they come to avoid the noon day sun; they subsist all day the sustained air of those grand solitudes; and they return to their school to exhale a sharp re-zest. I am told, that every angel who walks in health and innocence unconsciously conspires to make it so. Certainly they are subject to the best influences. The teachers and pupils eat at the same table. They have games, and stories, and plays to amuse themselves with after nightfall, and on Sunday evenings they have exercises conducive to which all voices are taught to join, and lift up to God the incense of a thankful heart for all the good one He showers upon them. Music, I think, is one of the necessaries in Mr. Rendu's school. However, all the schools provide the best instruction in this respect.

"Another point of interest is the extensive good manners inculcated by these institutions. All the pupils are made gentlemen in deportment. Instead of the tyranny of arbitrary rules which is complained of in the English schools and to some degree in our own, the one only law is good manners. Each pupil is left to act for himself as he instinct as one. A son of Judge Vanderpoel, of New York, who is at Mr. Rendu's' school, told me that on his joining the school he was surprised to find himself the object of so many deferential attentions on the part of the older pupils. He would hardly believe such courtesy compatible with the boyish bosom, and half expecting to see the beautiful illusion suddenly dissipated by a rap punch in the ribs, or the compulsory descent of his hat over his eyes, all in the way of prospective good-fellowship. Finding it to very lovely to see youth presenting its ingenuousness—to see its blood cordially warmed by the coarse and kindful commerce of the great world: and from all I can learn I really think these schools do everything possible to secure that advantage. The whole tone of society around them, too, strikes me as highly conducive to the same end. I have seen no reception since I left England. It may doubtless exist, but it does not court the light of observation, as it would unlikely do so with us. For example, last Sunday after noon I witnessed a regatta on the lake. A grand crowd of pent-ons of the lower ranks were assembled to look on, and every sort of boat, from the costly yacht to a common wherry, participated in the sport. There was no and to the fun, and the beneficial enjoyment of it was manifested by the lookers-on. But I perceived no appearance of rivalry or emulation in any hand, nor heard any angry tones, nor saw the least tendency toward that low and disgusting practical joking which disfigures our exhibitions similar scenes with us. But then, per-haps, the reason is that I remember that republicanism with us is a sign of something which commonly put artists in these countries, namely, the social recognition of the masses. It is the method which the unlimited rule of democracy takes to establish its sense of independence in the enveloping breath of the past. When this same unlimited rule shall have got itself properly assimilated on all hands, or submitted to the established social privileges, history will have undoubtedly a new research and loyal conservator of order to be."

Reporter Persevered.—Allen," said little Mary the other day, "let us go to the boy's theatre to-morrow?" "No," said Allen, "I can't go." "Why," persisted Mary, "why can't you?" "Because," said Allen, "I can't go without being a married with mother, and I don't want to do that!"

## City Scenes.

### ONE CLASS OF ADVOCATES FOR A REDUCTION OF THE POLICE.

"I tell ye what, Bill, I think the police are a leet lot—and I wish they was done away with altogether."

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

One of the American whimsicalities is the choice of names. Our Saxon ancestors were content with a natural poesy of direction that led to spring in their wonderful observation of nature and stamped their land with enduring memorials of its physical characteristics. England, the land of the Angli, is full of such memorials. The "meath" at its rivers, the "s Caster," or camps of the Roman invaders, popularized into chesters and casters, the fords of its streams, the "mere" or "mere," the "combes," (deep valleys between two hill ranges,) all these hanged the love of the simple founders of the land for such descriptions as fully expressed the chief local phenomena of the city or town or hamlet. Liverpool is the pool where, centuries ago, the tract marsh bird known as the "liver," also which is still the city's crest, abounded. Shakespeared its now silent city. A poet guide of Britain is a Murray out of which the footprints of the Roman invasion, the Danish incursions, the Norman conquest, may all be gathered, though it be but a table of contents of the volume.

How little this gift has descended to her unthinking children may be read from their census report in its table of population. We were tempted on consulting that valuable document to make a few casual jottings by the way, as examples of the odd tastes of our people. We found that the Presidence of the United States has even the baptismal sponsors of many of our towns, but by no means in the same proportion.

Washington, of course, leads the column. Beginning with the federal city, we have then an unadvised thirty-eight repetitions county, principality in the States of Ohio and Indiana. Washington, which may be considered the name for father and son, occurs but 26 times. There is a solitary instance of one lonely sanctimony of uniqueness, yclept J. Q. Adams. Jefferson is repeated 16 times, Madison 47 times, Monroe 21, Hamilton, as of right that in honor of New Orleans should, is godfather to 123. Van Buren is only popular to the extent of 9, while Harrison, like a soldier and victor of Tippecanoe as he was, rises to 57. Tyler, being but an accidental executive, has to rest content as one to perpetuate his name; and Polk is the unpleasant title of only 19. Taylor stands last in the field, a modest half-a-dozen by two, and is good for 12. Fillmore has one, a Franklin one, Pierce one, and Scott one. Of the Presidential list, Franklin is the favorite, designating 66 places, Hamilton 29, Perry 17, Alexander 20, Wayne 24, and Montgomery 26. Benton 22, Butler 12, Clay 31, Cass 32, Clinton 34. Marion occurs 41 times, Milton 26, Penn but 14, (thus proving the spirit of the Quakers,) Penn 12, Fulton 18, Scott 16, besides 9 Winfields, a touch of right belong to the name of Lundy's Lane.

Among other names, not personal, we find that the gentleman who "would not be a slave," Union, it must be preserved," is a sentiment four to the extent known, 31 times. Liberty 64 times, Liberty 64 times, Independence 14, and Freedom 13 times; Columbia 19, Concord 22, Union 29, Spring-field 43, and the inhabitants of ten townships, in despair of a high sounding title, are badly known as Centre-ville.

"Richland" finds favor to the extent of 61 instances, and Centre 40, carrying the idea to a magnitude of a system of a survey based on triangulation, but of "squaring the circle."

Of the Saxon names, Thomas 22, Jackson 39 are Browns, 26 Greens, 4 Whites, "sorry" Red, but 4 Vermillions and one Black. Ayr 3 times, Jones simply as "Paris."

But it is with the oddities that we wish to dwell in this brief. Here is the list of those worthy of mention, and we implore the worthy compositor who shall have the pleasure of setting them up, NOT to spell so letter, to "nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice."

Philadelphia, Surabco, Rose-blossom, Rogue, Rose, Rosen-stone, Bulskin, Burr, Spirit, Ink, Lamp, Knights Fall, Cannibal's Bridge, Chessy, Citronelle, Climax, Cold Water, Limekilns, Lockers, Corpulent Creek-ary, Cotton, Cow Horn, Cow Creek, Cow Pasture, Cowpasture, Fine, Flat, Friendship, (3 times) Trine, Fargil, Fragrance, (twice) to Peter's birth place (3), Fox House's snippet of dispute, Gap, High spire, Hog Island, (3) North Norwich, (the "new" "north" "wich" or "wick," one would think here north enough) Hot Springs, Hot Water, Hunting Shirt, Ivy Island, Jamestown, Jericho, Jerusalem, Kentucky, Kingdom, Kingston, Knob, Knobs, Knobs, Knobs